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COLUMBIA'S JUBILEE.



LIGHT and SONG,

BY

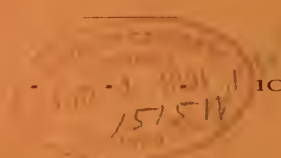
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WILL ELLSWORTH,

"
AUTHOR OF "LOOKING BACKWARD AND FORWARD," AND NUMEROUS
POEMS, A FEW OF WHICH ARE REPUBLISHED FOR THIS WORK.

77
DEDICATED TO ALL WHO LOVE "THE GEM OF THE OCEAN."

Price.

10 Cents.



COLUMBUS GAZETTE, BOOK AND JOB PRINTING COMPANY:
Columbus Junction, Iowa.

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LIGHT.

"GOD IS LIGHT." "GOD IS LOVE."

"The identification of light and electricity has been definitely established."—Prof. Hertz in Popular Science Monthly.

O light! what art thou?
Art electricity? Art God?
He who fills heaven and earth and sea
And all immensity and space,
And who with light, His name, doth robe
Himself? Art thou that one, the Word,
He who, ere sang the morning stars
Sent pole from right by angel swift
To waters dark below, and pole
From left the same, which, touching deep,
Did flash across one to embrace
The other, pyramid making
Wherein his light might dwell?

Art thou in spirit form
That subtle fluid, flashing thought
Along the wire track, yea sound,
And human voice, and glowing arc
And sight?† And art thou Cupid's dart,
And Hymen's torch, and mother love
For child? Dwell'st thou in rainbow crowned
Niagara, latent to turn
The wheels of mill and factory
And shop and whirring car? Art thou
In lightning flash and yew-bow
Alike? Art in the shrub that grows
On mount, on peak, and tree and grass
And flowers in vale below that from
The rainbow steal their matchless hues
And drink the rain that brings it them?
Is crimson tide of humans, slain
In cruel war, thy home as well
As in the olive branch of Peace?
O, tell us who or what thou art,
Since what to us seems light—what dark.
Alike are with thee found. We wait
Thy voice to hear.

*Introduction to a poem in eight parts. Six others are answers by 'ye three in one,' and the eighth is an ascription of praise to "The Light of the World."

†Edison's latest invention.

* * * * *

Tell us, thou First Born, tell to us
 What message soon may come of weal
 Or woe from thee. In darkness now
 We grope for thee as grope the blind,
 Though all around and in thou art.
 We go to heaven, we find thee on thy throne:
 We fly to hell, thy fires attest thee there:
 We "take the wings of morn," and there,
 Careering o'er the silent host
 On swifter wing than ours, we find
 Thee there. In prison chain of death,
 In star-crowned ensign free, wherein
 Three stars a coffin* hide, and dwells
 In every coffin strong a star
 To break the chains which bind the dead
 And set the captive free—Behold
 We find thee in them all.

And thou, Electric Spark,
 Thou magnet, magic, magi, seer
 Of ages past, and wizard still,
 And harbinger of glory, power
 And unknown blessing yet to come,
 Pray tell us who or what thou art.
 Dwells in thy lock-ed doors and walls
 The secrets of the past, sought out
 By seer and sorcerer and sage
 And alchemist, who thought to find
 Thy hidden things and steal from thee
 Thy key, or wrest it from the dead,
 Or scale with loftiness of mind
 Thy battlements,—yet all in vain?
 Art in the secret formula
 For gold, or carbon gem that bides
 The test of fire (thou must be there),
 In the oily lake that deep
 Or in the mother earth
 In bowels of its stream or gas
 Sends forth the fluid that hast thou still
 That burns? What secret send light
 To bless all men? Canst thou send
 Into the habitations dark
 Where cruelty doth dwell?

And tell,—
 O tell us! Dwells THE SECRET OF THE GRAVE
 With thee? 'Tis this that bows us down the most
 Who weep aloud o'er open sepulchre
 Of love (yet love unheard by them who sleep),
 And tremble or rejoice to know
 We, too, must leave uncertain life
 And follow them.

*In the original stars and stripes containing thirteen stars
 the lowest star sets in a coffin shaped space between two others.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

As the child at school signs his name under "A fair sample of my handwriting," expecting that practice, training and kind criticism from a faithful teacher will improve his hand, so would the author venture these few pages, asking a friendly public to be his kind and faithful helper in a work not wholly a fiction.

To forecast that work he would say with Columbia that he has "a premonition of coming good," and also his life "incidents" to confirm that feeling. The cartoon which led him to write this story he found in a comic illustrated paper which, though not given to light reading, he bought under a queer impression that it contained something important. His life spent in the society of the rich as well as the poor, the educated as well as the ignorant, and the practical lessons gained thereby, has fitted him to write with a feeling of deep sympathy for the wronged in all classes. While his conception of color-law and plant growth in connection with the evolution of your National flag has caused to spring up in his heart a love of country, the strength and ardor of which is like an inspiration urging him onward. And he only asks that in the parents and children and teachers of our beloved Columbia he may find such an help-meet as the one whom he now leaves to tell her strange, joyful story.

COLUMBIA'S JUBILEE.

By Will Ellsworth.

"The peaceful bugles blow and blow across the silver sea,
And speakest thou to every soul the world's great jubilee."

—*Butterworth.*

It all seems like a dream. Yet here I am in the spring of 1893 in a body of real flesh and bones. And what glorious things have I seen and heard in the year just past! I shall not try so much to describe them, dear reader, for the pen is but a poor substitute for eyes and ears, as to tell you how it all came about, and what part I had in bringing the Jubilee.

My full name is, or was, Frances Columbia Gottsvort. In due time you shall know how I came to change it. How I came by my middle name I cannot tell. Like John the Baptist, none of my kindred bore that name, neither were they noted for patriotism. But there it stood on record in the old family Bible: "Frances Columbia Gottsvort, born July 4th, 1864." There, I have told you my age, something two years ago I would not like to have done. But I shall not gratify your further curiosity by giving you a pen picture of myself, as most heroines do who write of themselves.

In times past I have had the name of being fickle-minded, changing often from one thing to another, building air castles only to see them tumble down before I could possibly make up my mind to live in them. My mind was always running to strange fancies, and one of them was that my name, Frances Columbia, (Frances means free) was an omen of some great good fortune yet to come, which may account for my penchant for building castles. Some years ago an incident occurred which, while it tended to strengthen in me this premonition of coming good, also played an important part in leading to the Jubilee.

While teaching in the little village of Brighton, helping father "throw the "blanket" off his farm, one evening as I was sitting in

my room in a brown study as usual, I picked up an illustrated magazine and in an aimless manner began to turn the leaves till I came to a colored cartoon which drew my attention, and which I will try to describe.

It was about the time of the first serious outbreaks between labor and capital. The picture represented a big iron pot set over a fire, its contents labeled "labor troubles," the fire and fuel, "agitation." The smoke and steam arising separated into two clouds which took the form of two hideous, angry spectres facing each other. one a bloated capitalist, the other a mechanic with his paper cap and hammer. At the right sat Uncle Sam in his star-be-spangled coat and red striped trousers, and by his side stood Columbia in her royal robe, the stars and stripes, and on her brow the Star of Destiny. She points Uncle Sam to the spectral forms saying in the language of Shakespeare (I am not sure that it is Shakespere, nor that I quote it right:)

"Behold two monsters! Enemies alike to us and to each other,

May they like angry clouds, disperse themselves and leave fair weather."

And at the top the sunlight was streaming in, and on it the inscription, "law and order." And now I must tell you how this led to the Jubilee.

But it was the figure of Columbia that attracted me most. Stately and tall (not too tall,) perfect in form and feature, clear blue eyes and rose blush cheeks, and a mouth and chin whose linings showed resolution and firmness, softened by love and tenderness, while the star decked brow and the poise of the head told of the loftiness of mind and the latent power beneath that wealth of nut-brown hair; such a head and face as one never tires gazing upon. Well, shall I confess it? I found myself drawing a mental comparison between that figure and her namesake. I was of medium height, had blue eyes, red cheeks and dark brown hair, no mistake about that, and my form was well rounded for a girl just out of her teens. Then I studied the mouth and chin, and even took the cartoon to the looking-glass to make the comparison closer; and I fancied I did see a faint trace of the lines showing resolution and firmness in my own. Now while I own I am changeable and absent minded about some things, I have noticed there are others to which I adhere with a tenacity which shows a strange contradiction—There, that reminds me I promised you I wouldn't say one word about how I look. That is a sample, dear reader, of my mind wanderings. So if you find some queer ideas before you finish, don't censure me, for they come and go like unbidden guests, and I am powerless to bar or retain them, unless I write them down.

It was at a teachers' association I saw and heard that which brought it back to me. By the way, what grand, noble minds we

meet at those associations—men and women who live above the murk of politics and tobacco smoke and greed of gold and empty fame. They are the nation's benefactors; for out of their treasuries of rich thought they drop precious jewels which we, as teachers, gather up, carry home with us and plant in the hearts of our little ones. He who works through the heart of the child, chooses the quickest and surest channel to reach and educate and elevate the nation.

A lecture on "Ethics in the School" was the programme for the evening. We all went, more from a sense of duty than anything else, expecting from the title something dry. But how quickly our minds 'lost that idea at the first words of the speaker:

"In the breaking out of the Rebellion, there was a scripture verse upon the lips of the nation: 'Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth.'" At these words by means of a stereopticon, till now unnoticed, an attendant threw on the screen a beautiful picture of the national flag over a village school-house, while the speaker continued,

"That banner floats proudly over our land and homes and schools today, and calls upon us as educators, as believers in the elevation of the human race to defend the cause of freedom in its fullest sense,—freedom from all bondage, physical, mental and moral. Our Creator has hung out upon the scroll of the universe, and inscribed upon the first page of the Book of books the tricolor of our Nation, the red, the white, the blue; for

"All thy hues were born in Heaven."

Under these conditions plant growth began. The elements of life in the seed-germ, fed by the earth and clothed with blue sky and yellow sunshine brought forth the green herb and tree (here plant growth was illustrated) which coming to maturity bear fruits and flowers of every rainbow hue (here the garden of Eden was seen spanned by the rainbow.) And so must moral development come from the moral life germ, fed by knowledge, and clothed with faith and truth.

Our educational system is deformed. We are educating the mental and physical powers to the neglect of the moral. As well might we attempt to paint that garden scene and omit a primary color, as to expect a human being to develop into the image of God without moral development along with the physical and the mental. "God is light" (here the prism was used to show the composition of light) and in that light is life, and there can be no true moral life without an all wise Creator and the reception of the moral life-germ from Him. And when begun, that moral life, like plant life, is a development."

This last illustration struck me with such tremendous force I lost the rest: for I am passionately fond of color harmony, and I had

And what is life, canst tell us?
We know that death is life away,
As cold betokens absent heat.
But what is life? Couldst thou to us
This and the other answer give
We all would bless, and praise and laud
Thee to the skies, aye, were it not
Idolatry, a god would make of thee.

And art thou God?
As Moses unto Aaron was a God,
Shall we receive thee? Will thou be
To us deliv'rer great and strong,
And gather us and all we love
At tyrant court of Death and him
Who has its power, and poise the rod,
And bid them "let my people go?"
Wilt send thy judgements on their land
From blood, to first born on the throne?
O, for a stronger hand than ours
To break proud Pharaoh's cruel chains
And set our loved ones free! And canst
Thou do it?
And there are other slaves than these;
There toils the widow, slave to cold
And hunger and her little ones
Who cry for bread and fire to warm
Their naked feet. And there on bed,
In merchant home of opulence,
Lies a fair form, the pride of home,
A maiden, fever burned (with heat
They tell us comes from thee),—a slave.
And there are slaves in tenement
And hovel dark the same; without
A hand to bathe the fevered brow,
Or bring the icy draught to cool
The parched lips, or close the eyes
When burns the fire till spirit leaves
The clay. And there are slaves to gold
And greed of gain (say, canst thou warm
Their hearts so they in turn will warm
The feet of orphan child?) and there
Are slaves to drink, and vice, and crime,
Fast filling up the charnel house
Of Death, and bringing clouds of woe
Upon themselves, and them who'd choose
To live in light as well. And Oh
That thou with harmless lightning bolt
Or steady glow, might burn away
These clouds, and banish night
And bring eternal day.

And then, Electric Spark,
If thou art light, and wouldst be God,
Or His ambassador, thou must
Be Love. And in that form, a cold
And cruel world needs thee the most,—
To pour thy oil upon the Deep,
Storm tossed between the nations when,
Maddened, they hurl their armies forth
To make of thee Death's messenger,
When thou, if left alone, would bring
Instead the olive branch of Peace—
To preach thy gospel new to all
Mankind: To angry mob who toil;
To wronged and wronging lord of shop
And mine who locks his doors upon
Them all: to rich and poor alike
Who wait to hear thy longed for, sweet
And welcome voice.
O come in angel form of Peace,
And banish feud and hate and strife,
And soften hearts, and bid them look
For good e'en in the vile: for none
So vile, but thou canst find within
A latent germ in which thy spark
May start a flame to burn, and grow
Into a better life, and make
The good to swallow up the bad,
E'en as a plant drinks in the air
Poisoned by foulest breath, and in
Return gives back the fragrant flower,
And luscious fruit, light crowned and sweet
And pleasant to the eye.

And the hymenial ties
Which once were formed beneath thy light
They, too, are severed oft: and love
Of kindred, and parental love
Grow cold: and Union, Charity
And Pity stand without and weep,
While Might his door brings to and locks,
And leaves them standing with bare feet
Upon the icy pave of stone
Still warmer, softer than his heart.
Now if ye three in one, Light, Love
And Electricity, will be
Oil, angel fair, and fire to warm
The feet and heart, and burn away
The cloud of war, and bring eternal peace,
And tell to us the secret of the grave,
We'll run the risk, and worship thee,
And throne thee neath the Stars and Stripes,
And take thee for our God.

LIGHT ON COLUMBIA.

"Send out thy light and thy truth."

Hark! "Peace on earth good will to men" the theme:

The choral angels bear it from on high,

And, floating like a banner in the sky,

Lo! See it in the star of Bethlehem.

Peace, peace on earth good will to men comes down:

The shepherds of the flock take up the strain,

The Magi read it in the star again—

Far famed in Chaldee for their high renown.

He came, the Prince of Peace, the Light, the Way.

He came, all men to heal, and save and bless,

To teach the meek and poor His righteousness,

The manger hid him on that Christmas day.

The Light into the darkness kindly shone,

The darkness hid but short its peaceful rays,

He rests within the tomb th' appointed days,

He rises now, the Light upon the throne.

Long in the darkness has the true Light shone,

Long has the darkness heard the song of peace,

The light increasing bids the darkness cease,

The poor, the needy long that peace to own.

Long for that peace have weary nations striven,

Long have they sought it to the ends of earth,

Unmindful that it comes of heav'nly birth,

Forgetful that it flows from highest highest heaven.

But now from out the heav'n of God's pure love

Behold it in the skies, the sign of morn!

The Bethlehem star proclaims a nation born—

The earth brings forth, all nations shake and move.

For see! That Bethlehem star has brighter grown:

And on it fair Columbia's ensign see—

The stars and stripes, the banner of the free,

The Light in RAINBOW hues has kindly shown.

For soon His scepter o'er our land shall rule—

The rod of *gold, the children's choice I see,

And our Columbia, by the Son made free,

Has set her ensign fair above the school,

"Of such the kingdom," blessed in His name,

O, sing ye children—generation blest!

O, sing ye, praise ye who in Him find rest,

The glad new song of Moses and the Lamb.

*The Golden-rod, the children's choice for a National flower.

RAISING THE SCHOOL-HOUSE FLAG.

[Hezekiah Butterworth.]

To-day the birthright of her hopes the younger nation sings,
As on the pinions of the light the banner lifts its wings,
To-day the future on us smiles, and studious labors cease,
To set the flag above the school, our fortress wall of peace!
War bugles old, storm-beating drums, and veterans scarred and true
And children marching for the States, 'mid roses winned with dew,
Behind ye thrice a hundred years, before a thousand grand,
What says the past to you to-day, O children of the land?
What are thy legends, O thou flag that gladdenest land and sea?
What is thy meaning in the air amid the jubilee?
Flag of the sun that glows for all,
Flag of the breeze that blows for all,
Flag of the sea that flows for all,
Flag of the school that stands for all,
Flag of the people, one and all—
The peaceful bugles blow and blow across the silver sea;
What is thy meaning in the air? O banner, answer me!

No azure pavon old art thou, borne on the Palmer's spear;
No oriflamme of Red Cross Knight, or coiffured cavalier:
No gold pomegranates of the sun burn on thy silken cloud,
Nor Shamrock green, nor Thistle red, nor Rampant Lion proud:
No burning bees on taffeta in gold and crimson wrought,
Nor eagle poising in the sky above the ocelot.
No gaping dragons haunt thy folds as in the white sun's spray,
When westerling Vikings turned their prow from noonless Norway:
No double crowns beneath the cross are on thy hues unfurled,
Such as the Prophet Pilot led toward the sunset world:
No artists vision, circlet-crowned, such as with knightly pride
Old Balboa threw upon the air o'er the Pacific tide.
Not e'en St. George's Cross is there that led the Mayflower on,
Nor old St. Andrews Cross of faith—the Double Cross is gone.
The peaceful bugles blow and blow across the silver sea,
What is thy meaning, O thou flag, this day of jubilee?
Flag of the sun that shines for all,
Flag of the breeze that blows for all,
Flag of the sea that flows for all,
Flag of the school that stands for all,
Flag of the people, one and all—
What is thy meaning in the air? O banner, answer me!

O children of the States, yon flag more happy lustres deck
Than oriflammes of old Navarre or Cressy or Rosebeq.
The Covenanters' field of blue, caught from the clear sky, see,
And Lyra's burning stars of peace and endless unity.
The morning beams across it stream in roses red and white,
As though 'twere outward rolled from heaven by angels of the light.
All hail to thee, celestial flag, on this prophetic day!
That minglest with the light of heaven the morn's eternal ray.
The peaceful bugles blow and blow across the silver sea,
And speakest thou to every soul the great world's jubilee!

Flag of the battle-fields, with pride beneath thy folds I stand,
While gyveless Freedom lifts to thee her choral trumpets grand—
Thou stand'st for Monmouth's march of fire, for Trenton's lines of flame,
For rippling Eutaw's field of blood, for Yorktown's endless fame;
For Cape de Gatt, and fierce Algier's, and Perry's blood-red deck,
For Vera Cruz, and Monterey, and white Chapultepec:
Thou stand'st for Sumter's broken wall, as high above Tybee
The shouting forts uplift again the stars of unity;
Thou stand'st that all the rights of men may every people bless,
And God's own kingdom walk the world in peace and righteousness!
The silver bugles blow and blow across the silver sea,
And so thou speak'st to every soul this day of jubilee.

O my America, whose flag we throne amid the sky,
Beneath whose folds 'tis life to live and noblest death to die,
I hear the peaceful bugles blow across the silver sea,
And bless my God my palace stands a cottage home in thee!

So speak the voices of the Past, ye children of the land,
Behind us thrice an hundred years, before a thousand grand,
Such are the legends of yon flag that gladdens land and sea,
Such is the Hand that scrolls the air this day of jubilee.

Flag of the sun that shines for all,
Flag of the breeze that blows for all,
Flag of the sea that flows for all,
Flag of the SCHOOL that stands for all,
Flag of the people, one and all—

Hail! flag of Liberty! all hail!
Hail, glorious years to come!

[Original.]

So lift we up thy crimson stripes, thy light and field of blue,
That nations may thy gospel learn: our golden sceptre new
Wave over England's lion proud, o'er German eagle brave,
O'er cruel bear and lily fair, O let that sceptre wave!

O'er ermine white and triple crown, o'er crescent on the wane,
O'er every land, o'er every clime, o'er all that plow the main.
Let gospel light and love and peace unite in WORK of love,
And shining stars the lesson teach of Morning Star above.

Let Love, and Truth, and Knowledge reign, and Mercy at their side,
Then Righteousness and Peace shall kiss, and Truth with Mercy bide.
O let the flag from o'er the SCHOOL in Righteousness look down,
Its shadow rest on tender Truth, and CHILDREN wear the crown;

Flag of our own free school and home,
Flag of true freedom yet to come,
Flag which shall float from every dome,
While to thy folds all nations come.
Thy Gospel bugles blow and blow across the silver sea.
And sweetly tell the coming joy—COLUMBIA'S JUBILEE.

*The Golden-rod.

STORY OF THE BANNER.

At the dawning of the morning, angel voices to me whisper,
And they tell to me the story of the banner of the free.
Light into the darkness shining—See, the cross and crowns are coming.
And the *standard bearer brings them to the shores of western sea.

Then, again across the ocean, come a band of Pilgrim Fathers:
On the shores of rocky Plymouth, lift the cross and bow the knee.
This a crimson flag and gory, with St. George's cross upon it,
From an island and a kingdom just beyond the deep blue sea.

Then I hear the muskets rattle, and I see the smoke of battle,
And from out the cloud of war there comes a flag of azure hue.
Tho' the cross is still upon it, yet the evergreen is springing.
Mingling sky with yellow sunbeam to foretell of nation new.

Golden emblem of all knowledge, with its warning stands above it,
Teaching all that truest wisdom in the fear of God is found.
This the boon our fathers left us, thus to worship Him in freedom,
And their prayers to heav'n ascending, consecrate the sacred ground.

Then I see a snow-white standard, with the evergreen upon it.
Lifting up to highest heaven a petition to our God.
And to answer that petition, comes the eagle bearer downward,
To transplant the tree of TRUTH upon Columbia's blessed sod.

Now upon this flag of purity thus reft of its green fir tree,
See, the crimson rays of morning stripe its folds of snowy white:
While the stars in heav'n are twinkling in the north and to the west-
ward,
Fading out into the dawning of a clear and better light.

Then from out the womb of morning come the Seraphim of glory.
See! They bear with them a standard—'tis Columbia's banner free.
While the raindrops gently falling on the hillside and the valley—
Look! The BOW OF PROMISE spans them to foretell the jubilee.

*Columbus, whose name, Christopher, signifies "Christ-bearer."

dabbled with pigments and brush just enough to feel the force of this pointed, painted simile. I went from that hall a wiser, better woman—determined henceforth to strive to develop that moral life, and first of all in myself. I had considered myself a moral person in a general way, but this pointed way of putting it had shown me how low was the standard I had set and how far short I came from reaching even that.

I was not much given to Bible reading; but that night I went home and took down the old dust-covered Bible, and by chance (was it by chance?) it opened to the seventh chapter of Isaiah. There I read that some time (I was not historian enough to tell from the context when) a man should take care of a young cow and two sheep, and that they would give so much milk that everyone in the land should eat butter and honey. I read aloud that far and then broke down laughing. The idea of one cow and two sheep (How many farmers milk sheep anyway?) giving enough milk and butter to supply the whole country. It didn't say country, but I got that idea, and I think almost every one does who reads it. Here was a pretty end to my good resolutions—laughing over the sacred page!

Then I fell to meditating. I thought of the lecture and the flag and the sunlight, and some way that cartoon came back to me, and I saw Uncle Sam and got him into the shoes of this farmer with two sheep and a cow. I thought of his creameries from one end of the land to the other, and though I had to admit that the price of butter didn't tally very well with the scripture, and though I knew thousands of the poor in the cities couldn't get even oleomargarine, and had hard work to get bread to eat with their no-butter-and-honey, I was just as sure it wasn't Uncle Sam's fault, unless his fault was in being careless; for he has such a kindly face he wouldn't let the poor suffer if he knew it. But the combined capital of a few men so controlled the live-stock market and the product of the dairy, that the farmers had taken to knocking the heifer calves in the head, and good cows were selling for less than it cost to winter them; and yet butter was thirty cents a pound. As to the honey I knew that there were bees enough to make it, for bees are not only very diligent and very prolific, but they are perfectly free to live off the fields and flowers of others. They are the true representatives of a commonwealth—in that hive.

Then I remembered that Christ was the good shepherd and knew his sheep and had commanded his disciples to feed them. And I wondered if Uncle Sam were a disciple of Christ, and if so, why he didn't take better care of his cow and two sheep. That put a new turn to my thoughts. I took a concordance and began (something new for me) to "search the scriptures," hunting up the passages that spoke of sheep and cattle. I found three which I marked. The first was

about "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," the next about Ephraim "a heifer that is taught" and the third where a man with wounded hands says: "I am no prophet, for man taught me to keep cattle from my youth." This couldn't be Jesus, for He was the prophet greater than Moses. I had got thoroughly in earnest by this time, but that was just like me, everybody said I went headlong into whatever I took up. But who else would ever have run into such a curious train of thought from such a curious scripture?

Next I hunted out the word Ephraim. I found he was the younger son of Joseph whom Jacob and Moses both prophesied would become a great nation, "a fullness of nations" Jacob said "in the last days." I went on reading passage after passage, many of which I could see no sense to, till I came to one in Jeremiah which spoke of Mt. Ephraim as "the chief of the nations," and on reading the context I found this too, was to be "in the latter days." What if Mt. Ephraim should turn out to be the United States! Did not our last census give us first rank among nations? Perhaps my idea about Uncle Sam and the young cow was not so far-fetched after all. At all events I marked that last passage and the place I was reading, and as it was now late, went to bed.

That night I dreamed that a man who looked like Uncle Sam, only that he was very poorly clothed, came sailing down to me in a cigar shaped air ship, and with him he brought a beautiful white calf and two little lambs which he gave to me saying: "Take them, keep them and raise them. I want you to care for them better than you did the others." This dream made a vivid impression on my mind. Considering my thoughts of the evening before there was nothing remarkable in it, yet it was destined to play a very important part in the Jubilee.

Monday morning I returned to my school work. A spring shower the night before had blessed the coming green sward, and the trees, and the birds and the early flowers all seemed in a merry mood while the lingering rain drops on violet and buttercup sparkled like jewels set in purple and gold. All nature was joyous, and I caught the inspiration as I sang with my little fellow learners that morning:

"I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And the good that I can do."

My work that day seemed almost a revelation as I told my children the beautiful, grand lesson I had brought with me from the lecture room. And at night you should have seen their eyes sparkle as I said to them.

"Now my little helpers, Arbor Day comes in two weeks, shall we plant our tree and raise the flag? How many will help?" Up went

every hand and, boy like, some of the older ones raised both, and one little urchin stuck up his foot, which act I of course rebuked.

"Where shall we get our flag?" was my next query, which was not so easily answered. "Sell eggs and buy one" said my irrepressible who had voted thrice. A look silenced him. "Borrow the G. A. R. flag," said a boy whose father had been a soldier.

"Not a bad idea," I replied, "but can we get it?" "You might find out tonight." "Miss G.," said my oldest girl, "why can't we do something to get a flag of our own. I don't like borrowing; it don't seem independent to borrow a flag."

"That objection is well put," I remarked, "we certainly ought to be independent on Independence day and why not on Arbor Day as well? Let us all think it over and report tomorrow night." And with that I closed school.

On my way home I called at the postoffice and received a plain envelope to my address. It contained a circular beginning as follows:

JUBILEE GREETING.

Teacher and Pupil: Do you want a genuine bunting flag for your school? Send 10c. and learn how for a little work you can get one free.

Just the thing. I sent for instructions and in three days received an answer, with a beautiful patriotic picture, a companion poem describing it and directions for framing. These and other patriotic emblems and works were to be sold by the children and the cash commission given used to purchase the flag.

But the plan did not stop here. Each school was to organize a Jubilee band, and each member give a silver dime to start a school bank, and then sell the emblems to swell its contents, or work in any way he might choose. These school banks would create a lecture fund in each county to start in it a lecture company who would give simple lectures on light and electricity illustrated by the stereopticon and suitable apparatus. The band would sell tickets to these lectures, and the proceeds went to a Jubilee fund to clothe and bring the poor children in the cities and elsewhere to the Columbian Exposition in 1893, there to meet the school children of the nation in a grand children's Jubilee.

At the close all were asked to help. The laborer with dime in hand, and the capitalist with diamond hand too. The wealthy were asked to donate one mill on the dollar of their income for a Jubilee fund in each state. This alone if complied with would furnish ample means to begin the work. Were it not for two extreme classes these appeals would meet with a quicker response: One is the Shylocks and the other the leeches: and between these two extremes are the two means, the worthy poor who seldom ask, and the generous rich

who, but for the leeches, would know where to give. These leeches love to "go to the rich a(u)nt" (or anyone else who will support the lazy things) "and consider her ways" and means, and their children grow up as idle and useless and ignorant as themselves, while Uncle Sam carries them all on his back and provides free schools to discipline, educate and fit those children for a life of usefulness.

It is a simple problem in simple proportion; given the two extremes and the first mean to find the second. And shall another generation be allowed to grow up and make this problem tenfold more difficult, and widen the gulf between the poor and the rich? Uncle Sam's load now almost breaks him down. And then I could not help thinking if the extreme on the other hand would ask that hand to exchange its diamond ring for a plain gold band, and then on a cold December morning take the thousand dollars saved and cover a thousand pairs of little bare feet that sting and ache with the cold, both jeweled hand and little bare feet would feel warmer, and the warmth would run from hand to heart, and heart and hand and feet would all feel better, and God's blessing would rest on all.

This problem must be solved, and if the first mean will act as daysman to get both hands to work together, and each to perform its duty as multiplicand and multiplier, so there will be more means to hunt out and help the widow, the orphan and the children of the drunkard and the profligate, the barrier which hides the second mean from the first will disappear like the double colon between them, or the cloud-faces over the big iron pot, and God's rain will descend and put out the fire, and Uncle Sam's load will drop from him like Pilgrim's at the wicket gate, and the sunshine will come in and dispel the clouds, and on their vanishing forms will be seen the bow of promise arching the nation. God's pledge of safety and blessing to all. And this was one great object of the plan in the Jubilee circular, which was unique in that it proposed to make the CHILDREN the daysman between the rich and the poor.

We sent for samples, formed a band of thirteen, sold the emblems and earned enough to get our flag for Arbor Day, and start our bank with a paid up capital of \$7.00 besides our membership fees. But how to add to this fund was the question. We had visited every house in district until I fear we tried the good nature of our most patriotic and liberal patrons. The plan did not reach far enough to furnish work for all, and without work any enterprise will fail.

As I thought on this plan so worthy of success, all at once my dream popped into my mind. Why could not the children in each family raise a calf, one or two sheep or at least a brood of chickens, keep them till the year for the Jubilee and sell them for the Jubilee work? I proposed my plan to the school and as soon as the consent

work for all, our band increased. We could pledge for the care of four calves of chickens. We bought the lambs and calves and hens we got for the asking. Destiny has arisen upon us to fore- imagine how much interest we all took in the work, nor what a spirit of mutual good will and solicitude for its success attended it.

Well, to make my story short, our plan worked so well, I coupled it with that of the flag circular, wrote it out in the form of an essay on "Philanthropy in Public Schools," and read it at the next County Association. An editor of a prominent educational journal was present, asked for my MS. and published it with a verbal account I gave him of the origin, work, and success of our band. The exchanges took it up, and it ran like wild fire all through the land, and letters of inquiry came in so fast I had to employ a secretary until the close of my school.

Among these letters came one from our publisher who furnished us the flag. He paid me a visit soon after and we got acquainted and found our plans and lives so well suited to each other that—well, I promised I would tell you how I came to change my name; but I cannot stop to tell you more. Suffice it to say our souls are bound together in this life-work for the Master. Soon our circulars were in such demand we moved to a small town near the Mississippi river where there were good mail facilities, built a small office and commenced publishing the Rainbow, a small weekly devoted to the work of the Jubilee.

By this time bands by the score were sending in reports of organization, work, and condition and size of their flocks. Loving hearts, clear heads and willing hands joined us to devise ways and means to extend the work to the cities and towns, and many of the wealthy who had refused their help when most needed, now gave so liberally, (better late than never, God bless them) that we decided to antedate the exposition and hold the Jubilee in our own beautiful and spacious valley on Oct. 12, 1892. As the time drew near we were obliged to issue the Rainbow daily. An estimate from our band reports showed that from three to five million children would be in attendance. At this the railroads caught the inspiration some offering free passage and the rest reducing rates to a penny a mile, and the steamboat lines were equally liberal.

About this time the Mt. Carmel air-ship came into use, and we chartered one for each state to bring its prize flock and the band that raised it to the Jubilee, and also a small one for the girl-queen of the Netherlands who accepted our invitation to come. Contracts were now let for the Jubilee uniform which consisted of a sky blue suit

the Army of Help) in gold on the
the same except a choice of red.

Have been everywhere calling on all, rich and poor to send in orders and measure for each of their children a uniform. Those who were able would buy them, all who were not would receive them free. Manufacturers were crowded to fill their orders, and especially those of flags, tents and decorations, were compelled for full three months to run night and day. State and county training conventions were employing the best talent to discipline the bands and drill them in vocal and instrumental music, according to a National programme prepared by the general committee. A unique feature of this programme was a torchlight drill with colored lanterns. Stereopticons of gigantic size and power were made to entertain and instruct the great multitude in the elements of light, color and plant growth, and the evolution of our National flag in harmony with them, for it was from this came the Jubilee.

And now, kind reader, that we have come to the long looked for day, my pen fails me. Imagine if you can 5,000,000 children marching in uniform; flags and banners waving, bands playing, children singing, old and young rejoicing, rich and poor mingling together in one common brotherhood. Strikes and lockouts for the time forgotten in this blessed "peace on earth," and over each delegation, like an angel of peace, floated a white-winged air ship with its "young cow and two sheep" and a sweet little maiden of six with crown and scepter (the golden rod), the queen of her state: her retinue a bevy of happy boys and girls,—jolly little farmers, errand boys, newsboys, knights of the brush—all supplied with the star spangled banner which they wave to the answering multitudes below.

And now while busy hands are loading tables miles in length with their "feast of fat things" I drop the curtain, reader, leaving you to join the hungry, happy millions who soon will be seated there with bowed heads and folded hands, waiting God's blessing on the bounties spread before them.

And now with a few words to tell you of some of the blessings this Jubilee left us, I must close. First of all a convention was held, and the Jubilee Army in a modified form was made a permanent medium to look up and support the widows and orphans and waifs of the nation. For these, homes were found where kind hearts receive them, industrial schools are being founded for the children, and the lecture troupe has become a permanent, movable fixture to teach the moral lessons in natural and national life. And there is every indication that we have come to learn, with Dr. Lecte, that the enemies of

our misery.

cold and nakedness, as well as the
and crime of whatever name. We
nium, but we feel as if the Star of Destiny has arisen upon us to fore-
tell the coming day.

We are now taking steps to send workers to other nations, supported by men and women of wealth who only needed to see this gathering of feeble women and children with their gaunt, pinched, careworn faces (for the marks of poverty cannot be effaced in a day) in contrast with the rosy-cheeked, healthy looking boys and girls of our country schools, to touch their kind but careless hearts with pity for the poor, and awaken them to a sense of their duty to rescue their less blessed brothers and sisters, from their helpless condition. A permanent fund is now ready to support the Deaconesses and the King's Daughters and all the noble, self-sacrificing workers who toiled with their hands and cried out to God with their hearts till He opened the windows and poured out the blessing.

And now with a goodby, I must tell you how at the Jubilee last October they would have husband and me dress in the garb of Uncle Sam and Columbia, and on my head they placed a crown bearing the Star of Destiny.

[THE END.]

HOME OF FREEDOM.

'Tween mountain and mountain, by parent of waters,
Where float on its bosom the lake and the rill,
In a beautiful land lies the fairest of valleys,
Bespangled by many a sunny crowned hill.
In the midst of that vale stands an humble, blest cottage,
And towering above it, a million of spires;
'Tis the home of my birthright, my pride and my blessing,
Bequeathed unto me by the blood of my sires.

The showers descend on the hillside and river,
The sunshine through cloud breaks upon the glad bowers;
While the bow of His promise of goodness forever
Comes up from the waters and rests on the flowers.
Methinks in that glory, as born in the heavens,
I see floating o'er me the flag of the free,
While its glistening stars like the raindrops are shining,
Foretelling the the day of the great jubilee.

And over that banner His wings of protection,
From danger and harm shield each star in her pride,
As high on the mountains the eaglets are sheltered,
By pinions of mother-bird o'er them spread wide.
So on the unthankful as well as the just ones,
His blessings in sunshine and shower on us fall.
O where is the nation whose ensign can bring us
The safety thus pledged unto one and to all.

Then let those blest wings hover over our dwellings,
And CHARITY fill our broad land with her love.
Thus Freedom shall bring us a blessing from heaven,
Sent down on our homes from our Father above.
O Spirit divine of our grand Constitution,
Breathe over the sons of our forefathers gone;
Till echoes the chorus from ocean to ocean,
Of "UNION and LIBERTY—GOD REIGNS ALONE."

AUTHOR'S APPENDIX.

It is the author's purpose to publish soon a larger volume under the same title, containing other original poems, and many additional features. Among these will be found a series of lectures woven in with Columbia's inimitable meditations, plans and practical applications both to heart and hand. In these lectures a system of ethical teaching for our public schools will be set forth in which "the two extremes," the infidel and the ardent sectarian, will find common ground on which to meet, and which the "means" must occupy soon to avert the coming struggle for the freedom of our schools and homes. That peaceful ground is patriotic philanthropy, UNION in its fullest sense, and if THE CHILDREN like a tender plant, shall be set therein, that plant will send its root downward and its stem upward, and from it will spring up a tree whereon will grow the fruits of righteousness, and under whose shadow the nation may find safety, and happiness and freedom from every yoke; and to which all nations in time will come "flocking like doves."

In preparation: "LIGHT", a new poem on { Light,
Love and
Electricity.

Price 10 cents.



JUBILEE GREETING.

TEACHER AND PUPIL:—Do you want a genuine bunting flag for your school? Send ten cents for a sample emblem of UNION, LIBERTY and CHARITY, with a list of other emblems and works and learn how to get one, FREE. Best of reference given, and every offer made good.

Address. WILL ELLSWORTH,
Columbus Junction,
Iowa.

TO THE READER:—Help this work for Columbia's Jubilee, now already begun, and now in its greatest hour of need. Send to above address for particulars, reference and plans.

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